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NOTICES OF VOYAGES UNDERTAKEN FOR THE DISCOVERY OF A NORTHERN PASSAGE,—*With observations on the Prospects of success from the present Expedition.* [Continued from p. 154.]

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for June, 1818.

THE Dutch on their return, having reported that there was a prospect of a passage through the Waygatz, the States General and Prince Maurice, in the following year, caused a new expedition of seven vessels to be fitted out. The fleet set sail from the Texel, at sunrise, on the 2d of June 1595, and, on the 14th, came in sight of the coast of Norway. On the 22d one of the vessels came so close upon a large whale which lay sleeping in the water, that, had she not been awakened by the sailors' cries, and made off, the ship must have gone over her. It was the 23d of August when they arrived at the Strait of Waygatz. Here they met with a Russian fishing-vessel formed of the bark of trees sewed together, on its way to the mouth of the Obi, where the crew were to winter. The Russians presented them with a number of fat eider ducks, and in return were offered meal, butter, and cheese, which they rejected, but eagerly received pickled herrings, which they devoured entire, without any exception of head, skin, or tail. They assured the Dutch, that, for two months, or two and a half, the Strait would not be entirely shut. The Dutch then landed on the coast of Asia, here occupied by the Samoiedes. After marching some time without seeing any one, a mist suddenly clearing up, they found themselves close to a party of twenty natives. The wildness of their aspect and dress induced a pause, till the interpreter advancing, one of them drew his bow, with visible intent to discharge an arrow at him. The interpreter, almost frantick with alarm, called out, "Stop, we are friends." The Samoiede then laid down his arms, and placed himself in the attitude of speech. The interpreter, having again said, "we are friends," the other replied, "you are then welcome." An amicable communication was immediately established, and the Dutch found that their new acquaintances, though answering externally every idea which they had formed of savage men, were in their behaviour exceedingly rational and sensible. They were of small stature; their countenance broad and flat; their eyes small; their legs short; their knees bent outwards; in running and leaping they displayed the utmost agility. They were covered from head to foot with rein-deer skins, to which a few of the chiefs added some fragments of cloth and furs. Amid all their politeness, the strongest marks of distrust were vi-

sible. When, after a pretty long acquaintance, a sight of one of their bows was requested, it was refused with visible dissatisfaction. The king, which title, according to the immemorial usage of travellers, is conferred on the most noted personage in the groupe, kept a jealous watch over all their proceedings. Their alarm became much greater when they witnessed, for the first time, the discharge of a musket; they then "ran and danced like madmen." The Dutch, however, having explained that no harm was intended, and that these instruments were merely used instead of their bows, their terrors subsided, —and they even formed themselves into rows, to view the exercise of firing at a mark.

A cordial parting then took place, the Dutch sounding trumpets and waving their bonnets, while the natives replied by their national tokens of cordiality. But scarcely had they embarked, when they saw a man running violently up to them, with every symptom of rage and reproach. On inquiring the motive of his wrath, it proved to be a piece of stone rudely cut into some semblance of a human figure, and which, it seems, was one of their national idols. One end, in fact, was a little rounded, to give it the appearance of a head. It had in front a little prominence to represent a nose, two little holes above for the eyes, and one below for the mouth. The Dutch had seen many of these along the coast; and at one point no less than a hundred, from which circumstance they gave it the name of the Cape of Idols. Before them appeared heaps of ashes and rein-deer bones, whence it was inferred, that the natives had been employed in offering sacrifices to these uncouth divinities.

The Dutch now landed on Nova Zembla; and a party of them engaged in the search of a species of

sparkling stones, which bear some resemblance to the diamond. Two of the number, fatigued with the exercise, lay down near each other, when one of them suddenly called out, "Who is that taking me by the neck?" His companion, raising his eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! my friend, it is a bear." The monster was instantly seen darting his tusks into the head of his victim, and licking the blood which streamed from the wound. The other ran, and with loud cries implored the aid of his companions, who hastened to the spot, sixteen in number, armed with pikes and muskets. The animal, undismayed by this crowd of opponents, rushed forward with incredible fury,—seized another, carried him off, and soon reduced him to the same deplorable condition as his companion. At this horrible spectacle, the hearts of the stoutest failed; all took to flight, and ran with precipitation to the boats. Here a consultation was held, whether they should venture on a fresh attack; and many urged, that the fate of the sufferers being now sealed, such a step would only be incurring new danger, without any rational motive. Yet the united impulse of rage and valour plucked forth three champions, who determined, since they could not save their comrades, at least to avenge them. They found the monster so busied with his horrible meal, that he did not even observe their approach; but, as they kept still at a respectful distance, the first three shots failed; when one advancing nearer, lodged a ball in the head. The bear, without quitting his hold, merely lifted up his head, raising with it the body in whose neck his tusks were still fixed; but, as he soon grew visibly faint from loss of blood, the sailors rushed forward and covered him with sabre wounds; and at length one of them, leaping on his back, severed the head from

the body. To the last moment, however, he never quitted hold of his prey. The sailors then collected and interred the mangled remnants of their ill-fated companions.

The damp which this incident threw upon their spirits, was soon increased by the appearance of ice in vast quantities; and they in vain attempted to make their way through the Waygatz. The ships, therefore, assembled at the opening of the Strait, and held a consultation whether they should renew their efforts; but, as the council was sitting, a formidable array of ice mountains was seen entering the Waygatz, and bearing down upon them; the view of which cut short their deliberations, and made them turn their sails, with all speed, to the westward.

After this failure, the Dutch government would engage in no farther undertakings; but the Council of Amsterdam equipped two more ships, with Heemsherk as master, and Barentz as pilot. They set sail in the beginning of May 1596, and after passing Norway, steered farther to the north than usual. On the 5th of June, those on deck called out, "What a multitude of swans are swimming." Others, however, observed: "These swans have much the appearance of icebergs." This last remark proved true; they soon found themselves in the heart of the ice, and sailed through it, as between two coasts. Continuing their course northwards, they arrived first at Bear Island, and then at Spitzbergen, and were probably the first navigators who visited that great mass of polar land; but finding that this was not Nova Zembla, and that they were too far north, they changed their direction, and came in sight of the southern part of Nova Zembla. They coasted its western shore, having much ice to struggle against. At length they carried the northern

point, which they named Cape Desire, and seeing the land now stretching to the south-east, and the water to be free from ice, they began to entertain great hopes of success. Soon, however, the ice began to collect and thicken around them, and they were obliged to put into a port which they called Icy Harbour,—and to which, after a vain attempt to proceed southward, they were forced to return. The icebergs now bore down from all sides, and soon completely inclosed them; so that, after some time, they gave up all hopes of reaching home that season, and resigned themselves to the terrible prospect of wintering in Nova Zembla. The ice soon heaved up the vessel, sometimes so much on one side as to threaten to overturn it; but the balance was restored by a similar rise on the other side. At the same time, there was the most frightful cracking both without and within the vessel, which they were constantly afraid would go to pieces, but only some beams started. They found it necessary, however, both for warmth and safety, to think of forming some kind of habitation. Materials were fortunately afforded by those woods of mysterious origin, which float over all the polar seas. The coast presented a number of large trees with their roots, which had been cast ashore; but the forming these into a house was attended with immense hardship. It was impossible to make a foundation, as the largest fire which could be kindled had no effect in softening the ground. A sailor having put a nail into his mouth, it froze to the lips, and when it came away brought blood along with it. Meantime, they were obliged to carry all their provisions and cooking utensils to the lowest part of the hold, to escape the effect of the frost. A barrel of strong Dantzick beer, having been exposed to the cold, burst; but its frozen

contents were found adhering to the sides of the vessel like strong glue. When melted, the liquor tasted like pure water, and the whole strength was found concentrated in the heart, in a small portion which still remained liquid. About this time their hut was completed, and they began to move their stores thither. A west wind now blew, and they were tantalized by discovering the sea on all sides, as far as the eye could reach, entirely open, and only the spot on which their bark was moored, surrounded by the ice as by a wall. The sun, their last comfort, was rapidly disappearing. On the 1st of November he could still be perceived; next day only one-half his disk; on the 4th, merely the top of it; and on the following day there was no sun at all. They were now at a loss to count the time, and sometimes lay till mid-day, not knowing whether it was day or night. The snow fell in such quantities as made it impossible to stir out for days together; it also shut up their chimney, and exposed them to the alternative of perishing with cold, or being suffocated by smoke. The only remedy was to lie all day in bed, the cook only rising to prepare the victuals; they afterwards contrived to get stones heated and placed around their beds. On the 1st of December, they heard a crash, as if all the mountains that were piled around them had burst, and fallen in fragments over each other. Accordingly, when they could get out, they saw the sea open to a great extent; but the cold became more and more intense. They had ice two inches thick on the floor and walls, and even in the beds. The leather of their shoes froze like horn, and they were obliged to throw it off and cover their feet with sheep skins. At length the fire seemed to cease to afford heat; their stockings were burning before any warmth was felt, and even then they were advertised of the fact by no sense but that of smell. The pimples froze on their faces, and they became all white with frost and snow. Their alarm now was deep and serious; for it appeared certain, that if the cold became at all more intense, it must certainly kill them. The light, however, began to increase a little; and one day on walking out, they described a faint blush tinge the southern horizon. This first dawn of the polar morning revived in their hearts the hope that was almost extinguished. They felt also some mitigation of the cold; and this became evident, when a larger fire than usual being kindled, several of the icicles which hung from the boards and ceilings, broke off and fell to the ground; an effect which no fire had before produced. On the 24th, three of the sailors walking out believed they saw the edge of the sun's disk on the horizon. They ran in overjoyed with the intelligence; but Barentz declared it impossible that it could appear for fifteen days longer. They went out, however, on the 25th and 26th, but could discover nothing for mist, till, on the 27th, the mist dispersing, they saw, standing on the verge of the horizon, the full orb of that great luminary. Their scepticism had been owing to their ignorance of the effect of refraction. Their situation now improved, though they had returns of as intense cold as ever, yet hope always supported them. They now, however, recommenced their warfare against the fierce tyrant of the northern wilds. In building the hut and removing to it, they experienced almost daily attacks from the polar bear; but during the extreme cold, that animal disappeared, and was succeeded by the white fox, an innocuous visitant. In February, the fox again gave place to the bear. On the 6th of April one approached

the hut, and the door being unfastened, made desperate attempts to force it, but the master placing himself behind, succeeded in keeping it. The animal then climbed to the roof, and attacked the chimney with such force, and a roaring so tremendous, that they expected every moment he would have torn it down; but he at last departed. Another came up close to a man who was keeping guard at the door, but looking another way. Roused by his companions, he had only time to turn and fire; and if the piece had missed, which, from the damp state of the powder and firelock, was most probable, he would not only have perished, but the bear probably would have entered the hut, where, it is observed, "he would have made strange havock."

In May, the weather becoming tolerably mild, the crew became clamorous to leave this fatal place, and urged the plan of proceeding in the boat, to which the captain, who at first wished to wait till the ship could be got off, at length agreed. On trial, however, their strength, exhausted by long suffering, appeared unequal to the task of dragging it afloat. The captain now warned them, that there was no alternative, unless they felt inclined to become citizens of Nova Zembla, and to leave their bones there. These images roused all their remaining vigour, and after enormous labour for about a month, they succeeded in refitting the boat, and dragging it into the sea. In sailing round Nova Zembla, they were repeatedly inclosed by the ice, and gave themselves up for lost. They got through, however, and near the southern extremity found a party of Russians, who treated them with great humanity. They then sailed along the coast till they arrived at Kola in Russian Lapland, where they found a Dutch ship, which conveyed them home, and

they were received by their countrymen with equal joy and surprise.

Having thus given an account of some remarkable voyages undertaken for the discovery of a north-east passage, we shall now proceed to notice those which were made with the view of finding a passage by the north-west.

The unsuccessful attempt of Pet and Jackman seems to have diverted the English from farther attempts to discover a passage in an eastern direction. The north-west passage, or that round the northern coast of America, engrossed thenceforth almost all their efforts. In 1576, Martin Frobisher, a seaman of great reputation, was sent by Queen Elizabeth to explore this naval route. He set sail on the 7th of June, and on the 26th passed Fowla, the last of the Shetland Islands. On the 11th he came in sight of Friesland, which appears in our maps as the southern extremity of Greenland. He found it "rising like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow." He sailed straight west, and saw what he supposed to be the coast of Labradore. On the 1st of August, he saw a large island of ice, which, on the 2d, fell, "one part from another, making a noyce as if a great cliffe had fallen into the sea." He then touched at several islands, about one of which seven boats, with a considerable number of people, were observed. "They be like to Tartars, with long blacke haire, broad faces, and flat noses, and tawnie in colour." They were at first shy, but some trifling presents soon produced familiarity. The English then sailed to the opposite side of the island, and took several of the natives on board. Frobisher sent a boat to convey them on shore, giving strict directions to land them at a rock, and not near the body of the natives; "but the wilfulness of his men was such," that

they disregarded this injunction, and the consequence was, that neither boat nor men were ever more seen or heard of. The next and following days the English came near the shore, fired guns, sounded trumpets, and saw several boats, but could not come up to them, and were unable to penetrate in any degree the fearful mystery in which the fate of their countrymen was involved. By ringing a bell they enticed one of the natives on board, and carried him with them to Britain, for which they immediately after set sail. [*To be Continued.*]

EXTRACTS FROM A LAWYER'S PORTFOLIO.

From the European Magazine, for July, 1818.

IT has been mentioned in some part of these memoirs, that my affairs sometimes called me to the Isle of Man. One of those unforeseen combinations of events which we are pleased to call chance, carried me thither at that period of the year which Manxmen still distinguish by a few of their ancient superstitions. Then begin the operations of a certain familiar spirit, whose nightly labours in the flower-garden or field, are repaid by a piece of silver deposited on the threshold. I arrived on May-eve, and found the good farmer at whose house my stay was expected, full of preparation for the mock battle between summer and winter, usually exhibited on the next morn. Lawyers are not celebrated for their readiness to partake such pastoral and amicable combats; but there is a tradition extant which ascribes to the may-pole the dignity of a wand of justice, and informs us that courts of law once assembled round it. Perhaps this tradition gave new zest to the curiosity with which I awoke to attend the festival of milk-maids and farmers' boys loaded with garlands and mock silver cups. The latter were too often filled and emptied to allow much order in the procession; but the mirthful carols and grotesque dances of the Manx girls drew a train of spectators, including my honest old host, with all his family and guests. The day ended as convivially as it had begun; but as twelve hours' unceasing exertion must exhaust the best animal spirits, ours gradually sunk from clamorous jests into sad tales of witchcraft, dreams, and omens. If the Isle of Man deserves to be called the heaven of lawyers, it is also the paradise of prophetesses and soothsayers. The charming enchantress described by a modern bard must have visited it to form her garland of dreams. We were all probably under the influence of this enchantress, for every one of the company had some striking dream or mysterious presentiment to relate. Our narratives suggested a proposal to try that mode of divination called the Sortes Virgilianæ, and celebrated in many authentic anecdotes of eminent men. A young Gascon, who obtained bread by teaching a little French to the daughters of some fashionable residents in the neighbourhood, supplied us with a pocket Virgil, and, as the newest guest, my chance had precedence. I opened the oracular volume with due solemnity, and found my finger on this remarkable line of the Georgics,

"Some days are fortunate—the *fifth* beware!"

The company amused themselves with a few constrained jests, and prolonged the conversation till day-break, more through fear of retiring into solitude and darkness, than from the spirit of conviviality. If the Virgilian oracle had made any

impression on my mind, it was effaced next day by my host's clamorous complaints that he had lost a silver ewer of rare antiquity, which his dame had persuaded him to lend the May-damsels for the embellishment of their pole. Such an article, in a spot like the Isle of Man, was not likely to be sold or converted into bullion without detection, and the farmer was advised to employ his strictest inquiries on the coast, from whence the felon would probably convey it. I went with him to the sea-port town of Ramsey, where we found opportunities to view the crews and consult the captains of several vessels, in one of which we noticed a man whose apparel was singularly loose and ill-suited. It would have been more accurate to have said, I alone noticed this sailor, for I feared to call my angry and revengeful companion's attention towards him, and he soon disappeared. The owner of the lost ewer returned home in a churlish humour, having found no clue to guide his search, and I availed myself gladly of an invitation to visit the deemster, whose distant residence would remove me beyond the litigious farmer's reach. Like many discerning men, whose circumstances have secluded them in a narrow circle, the deemster had expended the vigour of his mind on abstruse and occult sciences. He believed in necromancy, and had stored his library with all the judicial examinations of witches recorded by French lawyers, to the disgrace of the sixteenth century. I was too much fatigued in body, and too incredulous in mind, to listen without many hints at the lateness of the hour, which the deemster seemed very unwilling to understand, and at length asked me, in a lowered tone, if I had ever read Burton's disquisition on spirits?— Good-manners required a serious answer; and my entertainer, after much preamble, confessed that his own house was visited by unquiet and disembodied beings. He added a very earnest apology for the circumstances which compelled him to lodge me in an apartment which they were said to disturb. My unaffected fatigue gave so much real gravity to my countenance, that it encouraged him to recite the causes of his belief, and amongst other articles, a dream which seemed to be a kind of heirloom in his family. This dream implied, that when a *glee-eyed* lord came to that mansion, a treasure should be found in it. My host had a slight defect in one eye, and he congratulated himself that he had left the ruinous part of his large castellated mansion undisturbed till the accident which had befallen his sight entitled him to realize the prophecy. His design was to begin a search in a short time, and he conducted me to my chamber with some joyous anticipations, probably intended to cheer my spirits. They were certainly depressed in an uncommon manner, and not much revived when the Virgilian line occurred to me. It was the fifth day of May, the anniversary of a dear friend's death, never remembered without peculiar regret, as it had been eventually caused by strange mysteries. The book which lay on a forgotten shelf had something ominous in it. It opened at the very words said to have been engraved on the Elector of Saxony's ring by an unknown hand, "*After six.*" Those mysterious words, as the Saxon historian tells us, were afterwards found to indicate the time appointed for assassination, and I went to bed with very gloomy visions hovering about me. My repeater sounded the hour four times, and a vague doze began to quiet my nerves, but its sixth stroke roused me, perhaps, because it was aided by a confused sound in the room. Day-light was

beginning to find its way through the deep casements and dark hangings, but not sufficiently to shew more than the outline of a man stealing from behind my bed. Despair is always stronger than fear, and this man's violent efforts to escape my grasp, and especially to prevent me from calling help, proved the extent of his own desperate guilt. One, only one moment he seemed desirous to take my life, but presently his purpose changed, and seizing the advantage given by his wavering hold, I overcame him. "Spare me a few minutes," said he, in French: "I am a very miserable wretch, but not a reprobate." I dragged him to the light, and could hardly credit my eyes when they recognized the poor Gascon teacher who had supped with me at the farmer's house. He supplicated mercy in the humblest manner, protesting that he had entered the deemster's house only to hide himself from pursuit, and hoping that the haunted rooms would be disturbed by no visitor. His look of famine and despair, and his solemn protestations of repentance, induced me to open the casement, and bid him leap out. He hesitated only an instant, for steps seemed to be approaching, and I had the pleasure of seeing him safe among the trees before my host entered. Either his own restless curiosity, or the sound of a voice in my room, brought him thus early; and if he had not triumphed in my evident agitation as a proof that his house was really visited by strange apparitions, it would have been impossible to have escaped troublesome inquiries. He amused himself with his own comments and conjectures till after breakfast; and as I could not deny that some disturbance had occurred, he probably thought me worthy to partake supernatural communications, and therefore chose me as his companion in the business of search-

ing for concealed treasure among his ruined chambers. It may be guessed with how little zeal I aided in the work, which we began that night with spades and lanthorns, and continued nearly all the following day without success, till we removed the shattered wall of a large closet near my bed chamber. There, in a huge decayed chest of evident antiquity, we found an enormous silver cup or flaggon in a state of polish and preservation which surprised the good old deemster more than myself, for I had no doubt that the farmer's stolen treasure had been deposited here by the felon whose escape I had aided. It is hardly possible to conceive embarrassment more ridiculous or extreme than mine. If I permitted my honest antiquarian to carry forth his prize for sale, he might be perplexingly challenged as a receiver of stolen goods, and if I named the real owner without confessing my connivance at the thief's escape, my own integrity might be questioned. The safest medium was to suggest the propriety of concealing this precious relick, lest it might excite the avarice and envy of his neighbours, and tempt them to undermine his castle. These were plausible and powerful hints, which he embraced so readily, that he proposed, for the greater security of the silver cup, to remove it into my chamber. Though I had some private reasons to fear that my Gascon friend might return to complete its safe conveyance away, I durst not object to an expedient which appeared so reasonable, and implied such confidence. The flaggon was deposited in my care, and the most suspiciously timid miser could not have watched that night with more anxiety. But amongst my uneasy apprehensions, a thought occurred which the supposed patron of lawyers must have suggested. I say the *supposed* patron, because

even the prince of demons would not have tempted a lawyer into a dilemma so dangerous, if he owed any obligations to the profession. This pernicious thought tempted me to look at the cup, and to consider, that by effacing the rude inscription which the late owner had made on it, its identity might be rendered questionable. On the rim were these initials and words, SALLY·C·O·S Q^t POT ·· M · HEIRO OF U·S·

— which by a few small punctures and additional strokes became a very respectable Roman legend. The next morning, to my utter confusion, brought the farmer himself, to lay before my host, as his Majesty's deemster, the particulars of his loss, and the reasons he had to believe the felon still lurking in the island. Fortunately for the honour of that immovable firmness which ought to characterise an honest barrister, I was not present during his detail, but the deemster's repetition of it gave me some illegal sensations. However, he examined his cup, which seemed to threaten us with as many adventures as befell Parnell's Hermit, and asked my opinion of the legend; adding, that according to the Reverend Fatners Cajou and Chamillart, such vessels were called cinerary vases or ossvariums.—“Now,” said he, “the inference is most logically certain and distinct. Farmer Faustuff has lost a flaggon—I have found a vase—ergo, my vase cannot be his flaggon. Besides, he tells me he stamped his initials on the edge, but here is SYLLA·COS·Q·POMPEI·RVFVS. The P rather resembles an H, but some unskillful graver may have shaped it.”

And in full confidence of the weight due to these distinctions, the good deemster set forth on horseback to deposite the questioned article in the hands of his brother-magistrate, while I rode by his side, inwardly execrating the contrivance

which had produced his dangerous confidence, and firmly resolving to abide the consequences of a disclosure when we reached the house of the south deemster, whose prudence and ability were more famous than his colleague's. But before we reached it, our evil stars conducted us into the lonely vale of Kirkmichael, near some ruined cairns, from whence rushed four strong men in sailors' garments. The deemster, whose person greatly resembled Falstaff's, soon fell into their hands, with the exquisite cup, which he carried on his saddle-bow, not chusing to entrust his servants with a charge so important. When they had muffled my hands and eyes, I was surprised to find no violence offered to my purse, though they seemed to lead my horse a very considerable distance. In about an hour, a shrill whistle called away my guards; and after a long pause, during which I had leisure enough for sublime resolutions, my face and arms were unbound by one of my friend's tenants, who informed me I was very near the place from whence we had set out. Without entering into the history of the unfortunate cup, I told him of the outrage offered to his master, and we began a search for him with sufficient assistants. We might have spared our pains. Nothing could be heard of him till a week had elapsed, when his house-keeper, with great astonishment, found a sack deposited at her hall-door, and saw her master creep forth in a large red petticoat, a stiff mob-cap, and a black silk calash. Notwithstanding some melancholy reflections on a similar event which I have already recorded, it was impossible to resist his grotesque countenance, and his complaints of the barbarous manner in which his assailants had compelled him to travel on a vile horse, in the still viler attire of a nurse, above twenty leagues cir-

cuitously, after robbing him of the precious cup. Of these assailants I dared offer no opinion, for my meeting with the Gascon in a sailor's garb had not escaped my memory, and this last exploit, though disrespectful to the good old judge, had certainly rescued us both from a dangerous inquiry. But as popular opinion seldom favours a lawyer or a magistrate, the resentment excited by the robbery, soon sunk in the laughter which followed our ridiculous adventure. It is wise to allow certain outlets and channels to the malignity of the vulgar. When the wells are seen to flow, there is no danger of a volcano.

M. Chateaubriand, when he visited modern Sparta, told us he had never met with any hut so detestable as his lodging in the granary of a Turkish khan, where the goats disputed his morsel of biscuit and cup of milk. Had this traveller seen a cabin in the Isle of Man, he would have been at no loss for a comparison. In one of this miserable kind lived a poor Englishman, called Philip, and his wife, whose misfortunes had driven them to seek a sanctuary from their creditors. Their poverty was extreme, but not sufficient to subdue that decent pride which shuns publick commiseration, and their consequent seclusion from busy visitors rendered them unacquainted with the favourite subject of Manx conversation at this period. The woman's name was Geraldine, which implies that her birth had been among a polished class, and her countenance had the kind of beauty which arises not from rosy good-humour, but from dignified sorrow. Late one evening, as she sat spinning in her hut, she was alarmed and surprised by her husband's long absence, and still more by his return, loaded with a large basket. Philip informed her, that he had received it from

the boatswain of an English ship then moored in Ramsey-bay, with a present of five dollars for the task of conveying it to the farmer of Kirkmichael. He looked pale, agitated, and thoughtful; and when urged to execute his commission without delay, intimated a half-formed wish to see the contents, as he had been requested to detain the basket till the ship had sailed. His wife heard him with inexpressible doubts and anguish. During the last month he had regularly absented himself on certain days, and had returned pale and languid, but with a supply of silver for which he refused to account. At this moment there were red drops visible on his sleeve, and the deadliest whiteness covered his lips and forehead. Geraldine hardly dared warn him against farther guilt, not knowing how far he had already plunged. He opened the basket, and displayed a silver cup, which his eyes measured with the eagerness of desire. His wife silently observed his movements, and saw him deposite it in a secret corner of their wretched habitation. He ate his portion of bread and water without venturing to meet her eyes, and fell asleep on his heap of straw. Even his deep slumber added to his wife's horror, as it seemed a proof of fixed and fearless depravity, but it favoured her purpose. In the dead hour of the night she took the basket from its place of concealment, and wrapping herself in her cloak, traversed the desolate valley of Kirkmichael, and deposited her burden on the farmer's threshold, as she believed, unseen. She heard only her own faint breathings as she hastened back to her husband's door, which she had begun to open, when her cloak was seized by the rough hand of the farmer himself. She rushed in with loud shrieks, by which she hoped to awaken Philip, and intimate the necessity of his flight; but the un-

happy man, confused by interrupted slumber, and conscious of a felonious purpose, only hid himself under his bed. There he was found in an attitude of fear and shame which might have justified the suspicions of a milder judge. Both were dragged before the north deemster, who immediately recognized the antique cup found in his own mansion, and claimed it as his property. The matter was referred to the chief court of criminal law, and I was summoned by both parties to identify the unfortunate cup. The farmer sturdily appealed to his own inscription on the rim—the learned deemster maintained that it was a legend evidently of the Consul Sylla's period, and applied to me to confirm his opinion. I endeavoured to satisfy my secret sense of justice, and to conciliate both opponents by observing, that there were other marks on the vase which had not been noticed when we found it in the haunted mansion.—“Why there now, bless his honour!” said Farmer Faustus, “his young judgeship is right—there is my dame's name at short on the flaggon top—ELIZ. FAUSTUFF—but the zed looks rather like an X.”—“Man,” interrupted the antiquary, in a rage, “thou reversest the inscription—it is manifestly to be read thus—FAUSTUS FELIX—What thou mistakest for a second F is an E.”—“Lord, Sir! but I cannot mistake the plough-colter which I figured there with my own hand, as a mark of my calling.”—“A plough-colter, man! it is an augur's staff—Faustus, the son of Sylla, was an augur; and Felix is the epithet Sylla always preferred, because he boasted of having fortune in his pay, as we are told by Pliny, Plutarch, and Appian. The word Felix is here with two E's, according to the orthography of the ancients, who used to double the vowels in long syllables. We find proofs of this in

many inscriptions.”—Neither the farmer nor myself could answer these arguments, and the matter was deferred to a second publick hearing. But whoever might be the owner of the vase, the publick agreed in believing Philip the thief, for his poverty would not allow him to purchase friends, and his pride made him defy his enemies.

Tully tells us of a law, or received custom, which permitted the accusers of a man to search out all his former defects and errors. As my ill judged officiousness had increased the perplexity of this case, I thought myself bound to reverse the *Lex Accusatorium*, and inquire into all the good points of the prisoner's character. I discovered, that to gain a sum sufficient to preserve his wife from famine, Philip had earned by his midnight labours, the silver appropriated to the May-Elf of the Isle, and that this was the occasion of his mysterious absences from home. An explanation so touching, and the reluctance with which he gave it, implied too much tender and generous feeling to allow any suspicion in my mind that he had been the colleague of robbers, though a strong temptation might have shaken him for a moment. And he steadily persisted to me in the account he had given his wife of the unknown sailor, whom I determined to believe the Gascon in disguise. To the great surprise of the farmer, the deemster, and the good people of the Isle, I undertook his cause, and obtained his acquittal. After it had been pronounced, Philip and his Geraldine were invited to sup with me at the house of my friendly antiquarian, who still persisted in prosecuting his claims to the silver vase with all the spirit of a Manx-man in law. It was the fifth of the month, and I had begun to congratulate myself on the failure of the Virgilian oracle which my success on that day had falsified, when a

large packet was brought to me, bearing on its inner cover the postmark of Corfu. The letter—but I must copy it all, for no extract or abridgment would do it justice.

“A MONSIEUR—MONS.—”

“I pray my very good friend will do me the honour much great of making l’amende honourable for me to Monseigneur le Deemster, for giving him capriole on mine little black horse, and putting monself into his chateau with Monsieur Faustuff’s coupe d’argent, which I borrowed for one little occasion. Agreez, Monsieur, to believe it was not convenience for me to stay in the Man’s isle, but I never cannot forget Monsieur’s bounty when he help me out of the window. Non, M.—I have come to deposit my cinders at this Corfou, which they call in antiquity turn-by-turn Drepanum, Macria, Scherie, Corcyre, Cassiopée et même Argos!—Ulysse was thrown here without his coat—Le grand Alexandre when he was baby came to be citizen here—Caton rencontré Cicéron in this ile after the kicks of fortune before the Triumvirs. Ah! quels hommes!—what eventments!—Encore I say

again, Monsieur, under this sky-blue, where I can see the thirteen pear-trees of Homer’s old gentleman, (not more venerables than the pears of le grand Henri at Ivry) I recognise my absent friends. There never was but one dog ingrate here, and that was a Lancaster puppy: Et puis, which I not know how you say with your English tongue, that villain-dog (which l’histoire calls Math) was servant to an English king, and had never seen le grand nation. Accept, Monsieur, assurances of my high consideration.

“LE MARGUIS DE GONFLECCŒUR.

“I have send back the silver pipkin.”

This letter was accompanied by a box containing a rich blue velvet vest, an Albanian shawl and ataghan of curious manufacture, and a little of the soft chalk formerly used to seal letters. These articles amply indemnified my antiquary for the loss of his silver vase, and honest Philip’s acquittal was complete. I have since heard that the marquis is honourably settled as interpreter to a Pacha in the Morea, and I have no reason to put faith in Virgil’s line,

“Some days are fortunate—the fifth beware!”

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE.

From the European Magazine, for June, 1818.

CAPTAIN Allen, the writer of the following strange story, was well known as a man of character and honour. After his death a number of diaries, which he regularly kept, were sold by auction; and it is from one of them that this extract is taken: the affair was doubtlessly a gross imposture; but why so many persons should have joined in such a conspiracy, is a mystery; and yet it seems that the master of the house must have had all or most of his servants as partakers of the plot. Perhaps the story may, now it is made publick,

fall into the hands of some person, who, living near the spot, may be able to cut this Gordian knot.

“*Extract from a Manuscript Diary of Captain Allen (since Gentleman Usher to her Majesty). A. D. 1751.*

“FRIDAY, Oct. 4th, at eleven, set out from Yarum for Skinner’s grove, the house of one Mr. Appleby, of which Mr. Jackson has given a very odd account he had from the Rev. Mr. Midgeley, of an apparition which haunted the house in a very remarkable manner. As I

am very incredulous in these notions of spirits, I was determined to take a journey thither to know the truth, and, if possible, to have all conviction, either by ocular or auricular proof. Accordingly I arrived there about eight at night, and asking for Mr. Appleby (whom I found a sensible man, with a great gentility of behaviour for a tanner), I told him I had taken the liberty, after hearing such and such reports, to come and ask a few questions relating to a spirit that was said to trouble the house, and that if it would not be inconvenient, I should be obliged to him if he would accommodate me with a room all night. He told me I was extremely welcome, and that he was obliged to any gentleman that would give themselves the trouble to come; and did not doubt but that he should satisfy them, by the account he would give them, which he declared, as he should answer at the great tribunal, should be true, sincere, and undisguised, and should contain no incident but what had happened and been transacted in his house (at first to the grief and amazement of himself, his wife, and his four servants), by this invisible and unaccountable agent. He said, that it was five weeks since it had left them, and that once before they were quiet of it for three weeks, and then it returned with double the noise and confusion they had before.

“ In the first place he assured me they had never seen any thing, but that the noise and havock which they had in the house was amazing; that they all were so frightened, that one night, about one o’clock, they thought to quit the house, and retire to a neighbour’s; that they could get no sleep, by reason of their beds being stripped of the clothes, and thrown upon the ground; that the women were thrown into fits by being oppressed with a weight upon their stomachs,

equal to an hundred weight; upon this they moved all their beds into one room, determined to share an equal fate: so that two men laid in one bed, two women in another, and the man and his wife in the third: no sooner were they in bed, but the spirit visited them, the door being locked and barred. It first walked along the room, something like a man, but with an uncommon step; immediately the maids cried out they were next to death, by a monstrous weight upon them; on which Mr. Appleby immediately came to their relief; that upon his approaching the beds, something leapt off, walked round him, which he, being a man of courage, followed, and endeavoured to take hold of, but in vain. Upon this he retired to his bed, and immediately the maids cried out, that they were losing the clothes off the bed: he told them to pull hard, which they did, but they* were immediately taken with a violent force, and thrown upon the men: after this it rattled a chain, with a great noise, round the room, and instantaneously they were alarmed with a noise over their heads of a man threshing, as it were threshing corn with a flail, and in a minute was answered by another, and this continued for fifteen minutes in a very regular way, stroke for stroke, as if two men were threshing; then it descended into the room where they were in bed, and acted the same. Another night it came grunting like a hog, and often imitating the noise of swine eating its food: sometimes it would, in the middle of the room, make a noise like the pendulum of a clock, only much faster; and they assured me, that it continued in their room one morning in June till past five o’clock, and Mrs. Appleby, and all of them, saw the clothes taken off them, and flung with violence upon the maid-servants; but

* Probably the clothes, not the maids.

nothing could they discover, neither conceive how they were thus strangely conveyed. Upon these surprising things being done, it was rumoured abroad, that the house was strongly haunted; and Mr. Moore, the landlord, and Justice Beckwith, went to Appleby; and after talking with him, and examining the servants, and telling them this was a concerted scheme among them for some purpose, they agreed to sit up all night. As they were putting the glass about, something entered the room, accompanied with a noise like squirting water out of a squirt; upon which they, with a change of countenance, asked him what that was? Appleby answered, 'It was only a taste of what he every night had a sufficiency of.' Mr. Moore advised him to keep a gun laden, and when he heard it in the room to discharge the piece. The night following, the family being in bed as usual, it came, and, making a sudden stand, threw something upon the ground, which seemed to them as if some sort of seed had fallen out of a paper. In the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking about the room, wondered what it could be that had been cast upon the ground, gathered up a considerable quantity of gunpowder in corns, which greatly surprised her. The next night it came in the same manner, but what it let fall made a greater noise, like shot, and in the morning, they, to their real astonishment, found a great many shots. This afforded room for strange conjectures; and accordingly she told me she then did not know what to think, whether it was really an apparition or not; for that the scattering of this powder and shot the very two succeeding nights after Mr. Moore advised me to shoot, greatly disconcerted them; though again, upon reflection, they had had so many proofs of something more than it was possible for any human creature to perform, that she was again

led to believe it must be something not of this world, and that in the throwing down the powder and shot, it might be done in contempt, and was as much as to say, 'What, you would shoot me?' Once, when it was in the midst of its career, one of the men, after composing himself for the purpose, addressed it in these words: 'In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou, and what dost thou want? If any person here can contribute to thy ease, speak, and nothing shall be omitted that can procure it.' During the time he was speaking, it was silent, but immediately upon his ceasing it began its usual noise, when he spoke again the same words, but no answer followed. Mr. Appleby declared, that one night, when his servants were very merry and dancing, and making a considerable noise, that this goblin made so much greater disturbance over their heads, that one would have thought that twenty people were dancing there; upon which he went up then with a light, but nothing could he discover. When he told me this surprising narration, which he delivered with so much plainness and sincerity, free from embarrassment, I own I was something staggered, for he gave not the least cause to suspect his veracity. And upon my examining all his servants, they, without any hesitation, confirmed what their master had advanced: so that my expectation of hearing the reports (which I had heard) refuted was entirely frustrated, and I no little surprised to hear them so strongly vouched. I desired to lay in the room which this troublesome guest the most frequented; but they told me it occupied the whole house, and no room escaped; so I retired to my apartment at eleven, and read Milton till about one, then went to bed, not without wishing (yet not presumptuously) that I might have some strange conviction before

morning, but met with none; and after a good night's sleep, arose at seven. One cannot help observing upon this affair, that as a man could have no advantage or end to answer in propagating the story, but, on the contrary, is known to be a person of veracity, and not addicted to lying, it would almost incline one to believe it; I say *almost*, for I own I should give more credit to the thing if I had conviction, either ocular or auricular; and that one cannot think the man so base as to assert, so strongly as he does, a falsity, and know it to be such; for if it is a collusion, it cannot be carried on without his privity: so that, upon the whole, this is my opinion, I believe, and don't believe."

We cannot help observing, that the very circumstance of the powder and shot ought to have opened the eyes of Captain Allen. Could the most credulous listener to a ghost story believe that a spirit could buy, or steal, such gross sub-

stances? Another remark naturally occurs: where country-folks hear preternatural noises, they are always noises connected with rustic occupations and ideas. Thus Mr. Appleby's spirit sometimes thrashed like a labourer, and sometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this is the behaviour of a brother spectre at F. in Berks, who has kept, and still keeps, possession of the stair-case belonging to an antique mansion for many years. This truly rusticated being entertains himself very often in the dead of the night in carrying sacks of invisible corn from the bottom to the landing place on the top of the great stairs, which he there empties. Of this Farmer W. (a man of an excellent character) and his wife and family, are as fully persuaded, as of their existence! Milton's "lubbar-fiend" was formed from the ghost which haunt farm-houses, not from the spectre which stalks through knightly halls.

WARMING HOUSES BY STEAM.

From the London Monthly Magazine, for Aug. 1818.

IT has been our rare fortune, in the progress of this miscellany, to be the harbingers of the various important discoveries which, during the last twenty-five years, have done honour to the genius of man. Notwithstanding the lofty pretensions of learned bodies and societies, we have, with few exceptions, been the first to draw these discoveries from obscurity, and exhibit to the world their claims in a clear and popular manner; and it is our glory, in regard to several of them, that, in recommending them, we have often stood alone, and have generally been opposed by contemporary journalists, and not unfrequently by professors of science. We have now to announce another application of philosophy to the arts of life, so pregnant with advantages, and so extensive in its purposes, as

to threaten an entire revolution in the economy and formation of our domestick establishments. In the Number for April last, we introduced the details of a system of warming houses, by means of the Steam generated in a small boiler, worked in any out-building, and conveyed by pipes to hollow-sided cylinders placed in the rooms of a house; and we stated in such clear terms the advantages of this elegant mode of propagating heat, that the work-shops engaged in the manufactories have had more orders than they can execute. The experiments made in the course of these erections have, however, determined a fact which cannot fail to lead to a great extension of the system. It appears that steam, conveyed in pipes nearly half a mile in length, has suffered at the extremity no sen-

sible diminution of its heat ; consequently, hot steam may be diffused for purposes of heating houses, in a radius from the boiler of at least half a mile ; and perhaps even of two, three, or more miles. Here then is a principle by which heat may be conveyed from a publick boiler or magazine, where it is generated, to any desirable distance ; and thence may be conveyed into houses for the purpose of keeping the rooms at any temperature, just as gas for light, or water for culinary purposes, is now conveyed into them. We thus divest ourselves at once of coal or wood fires, of all their smoke, filth, and dangers ; and also of chimneys, grates, and their accessories. In cost, the ratio is very high in favour of the heat of steam, as ten to one, and twenty to one, according to circumstances. In effective heat, in wholesomeness, in enjoyment, and in luxury, there can be no comparison. Thus a bushel of refuse coal and cinders, costing eight-pence or a shilling, will boil a copper for fifteen hours, and generate steam enough to keep ten or twelve rooms at a uniform and equally-diffused temperature of sixty or seventy degrees. Of course it is the same whether these rooms are in one house, six houses, or twelve houses ;* and hence the incalculable advantages of this application of steam. Houses, manufactories, schools, churches, hamlets, villages, cities, and even the great metropolis itself, may thus be heated from one or many boilers, or

* It is proved, by experiment, that every superficial foot of a metallick hollow cylinder will heat 250 cubick feet of air, at 60°, 70°, or 80°, as may be desirable. A cylinder, four feet high, and sixteen inches diameter, that is, having sixteen feet on the outside, and sixteen feet on the inside, will therefore heat 8000 cubick feet of air, or a room thirty feet square and nine feet high. It appears, also, that one small boiler will keep four such cylinders at 70° of heat ; and therefore, will heat twelve rooms, that are eighteen feet square and eight feet high.

from one or many stations, as may be most convenient. Smoke, the nuisance of towns, will thus at once be exterminated ; because that which is generated at the publick boilers may easily be consumed, or condensed. We thus also clear society of the stigma and the crimes of chimney-sweeping ; and diminish the hazard and the horrors of those conflagrations which are as dangerous to our property as our lives. In fine, we expect that these observations will, in due time, have the effect of rendering STEAM-HEATING SOCIETIES as general, as popular, and as lucrative, as GAS-LIGHTING SOCIETIES ; and we hope, in consequence, to witness, in the universal success of both, a greater triumph of philosophy than philosophers themselves have ever contemplated.

From the Edinburgh Magazine, for January, 1818.

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR.

MY mother sigh'd - the stream of pain
Flow'd fast and chilly o'er her brow ;
My father pray'd nor pray'd in vain—
Sweet mercy cast a glance below !
Mine husband dear, the sufferer cried,
My pains are o'er ; behold your son !
Thank heaven, sweet partner, he replied,
The poor boy's labour's then begun.
Alas ! the hapless life she gave,
By fate was doom'd to cost her own,
For, soon she met an early grave,
Nor stay'd her partner long alone.
They left their orphan, here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun,
This lesson sad, to learn, from wo—
The poor man's labour's never done.
No friendly voice, of pious care,
My childhood's devious steps to guide,
Or bid my vent'rous youth, beware,
The griefs, that smote, on every side ;
Still, 'twas a changing round of wo,
Wo, never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart, to know,
The poor man's labour's never done.
Soon dies the fault'ring voice of fame,
The vows of love, too warm to last,
And friendship ! what a faithless dream !
And wealth's ! how soon the glare is past !
But sure, one hope remains to save ;
The longest course must soon be run,
And, in the shelter of the grave,
The poor man's labour must be done.